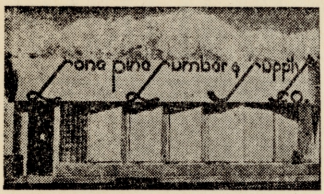
SAWDUST

Vol. II July 1942 No. 7

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.



THE LUMBER YARD GANG

Rudie Henderson	Tom Henderson	Ernest Lasky
J. W. McKinney	Clark O'Connell	Chuck Harned
Ernest Hagen	Jesse Browne	John Hale
S. J. "Pop" Raper	Bob Henderson	B'rb'ra Belluomini
Edward Hjeltness	Guy Martin	Bennie Archuleta

VOL. II **JULY 1942** **NO. 7**

It seems we are again fighting today for life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. That is, preservation of American individual freedom.

This is all we have which distinguishes this country of ours from any other nation on earth. It is the root and foundation of our Bill of Rights, our Declaration of Independence, our free enterprise system, our whole American way of life. Individual freedom runs on the sound foundation of the Scriptures: Genesis, Chapter 2, 7: "The Lord formed man out of the dust of the ground, and into his nostrils he breathed the breath of life, AND MAN BECAME A SOUL." That concept that there is something special, something sacred, if you please, in the individual, the MAN, is the solid mark of a free people and a direct challenge to totalitarianism which is the barbaric expression of the divine right of kings and the enslavement of the individual by the State.

We are sending our millions of boys overseas, we are converting our civilian industry, we are breaking down and destroying our vaunted American standard of living. We are accepting cheerfully every necessary regulation and control. We are even inviting regimentation to win a war for the preservation of that one thing, American Individual Freedom and all it means in upholding our inalienable rights.

Let us beware lest in fighting for it abroad, we lose it at home!

It is common knowledge that in Washington, we have a group of intellectual planners, of social theorists, of hard-boiled cynics, who believe the American people are too dumb to know what it's all about, and too dumb to run their own government. These are the people who ladle a teaspoonful of their own special brand of social reform into every measure necessary to prosecute the war. Added to these are those downright subversives who have no use for our form of government, and who advocate changing it by force, or any other way. Still another dangerous group are those who, to perpetuate themselves and their thinking, overlook no opportunity further to regiment us and further to destroy our God given and inalienable individual rights and freedoms.

It is possible for Americans to be loyal followers of our Commander-in-Chief, to forego as they willingly do forego, the rights and privileges we have come to feel are as common as the air we breathe. To devote their every support to the great cause, and at the same time to view with care and with alert and critical eyes, the conduct of our home affairs!

Meet the Gang . . .

No. 2

V. M. RHYAN

Last February we had this to say about V. M. Rhyan, whose picture had not been used heretofore:

"The dean of long haulers is our own V. M. Rhyan. He has rolled between Los Angeles harbor and Lone Pine three times weekly for more than seven years. Tritely speaking he is Old Reliable."

That was before the days of the lumber freeze. He is no longer with us. But he is still driving, although it is a bus. He transports ship-builders to and from work.

IN THE FIGHT . . . . . .

"SAWDUST brightens the dark corners in this barracks when it arrives. I'm not an author or poet so I can't seem to fit the words, if there are any, to really express my appreciation for your kindness in sending it."—Pvt. G. T. Cederburg, 331 Air Base Squad, Lincoln Air Base, Nebraska.

"Have especially enjoyed your column, "Retrospection," due to the fact most of the names mentioned bring back a great many pleasant memories of Lone Pine and Inyo County. People who have lived in Owens Valley may travel many thousands of miles away, however the farther the distance the dearer the memories become." Frank J. Butler, Jr., Camp Lee, Va.

"I got my copy of SAWDUST and I liked it. I wish to thank you for having sent it. I see my friend Ben Archuleta is in the Lumber Yard Gang. That's good."—Pvt. C. Zuniga, Jr., 65th Coast Artillery (AA) Battery "A," Inglewood, Cal.

"Spill me a little dope, and send me a SAWDUST once in awhile." —R. D. Loundagin, (En 2/c), U. S. Naval Air Station, Moffett Field, Cal.

—SD—

Her boy friend called her his baseball girl because she had been thrown out at home.

—SD—

There are a lot of people who don't neck in parked cars—fact is, the woods are full of them.

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
July — 1925

The following made the trip to Cottonwood Lakes to obtain fish for the annual 4th of July Golden Trout Feed: Cris Carrasco, Jr., R. B. Spainhower, Chas. Sumner, Tom Hancock, Raymond Salazar, Harry Woelker, Relles Carrasco, Horace Elder, Dick Carrasco, Orin Dearborn, Jack Heller, Beany Diaz, Chas. Meysan, Teddy Carrasco, Chas. Bagwell, Delbert Hay, Peter Olivas and Alvin Aiken . . . Wm. Welch sustained fractured arm and leg working on Saline Valley Road . . . A. V. Duarte uncovered two-foot vein of high-grade at Lucky Strike claims . . . Sign in Little Gem Restaurant: "If you must have credit, take the elevator. Floor 546" . . . Miss Merle Cheeley was united in marriage to Mr. Stanley Hosner, by Justice of Peace King at Independence . . . Miss Hazel Cramer is now employed at Weaver's Sweetshop at Independence . . . Julius "Shorty" Lindquist has resigned his position at Haiwee . . . Slim Little, first assistant valet to cattle belonging to Mairs & Reynolds clutched the vacant air with his hand so vigorously as to fracture the bones. However, he is glad to state that his arm works as well for social purposes as ever . . . A lot of racket was made recently that the Inyo Independent would no longer be printed on its far-famed ancient hand-press . . . After running around all last winter minus an overcoat, Bill Plunkett did a little house-cleaning recently and found it under his bed offering a splendid banquet for moths during the past several months . . . Old-timers have been required to take a second look at our postmistress, Mrs. Alice Tate, now that she has joined the ranks of the bespectacled club . . . Frank Gribben announced that his future residence will be in San Francisco . . . Lee Bishop, Darwin miner, mysteriously shot in right hand and groin 4th of July afternoon . . . Large fiery cross burns on Hoodlum Peak, 4th of July night, causing Indians to predict an earthquake . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ed Attaway, and Jack Murphy, garageman, have narrow escape from cloudburst in Darwin Wash . . . Rather a stormy meeting took place at the Chamber of Commerce, Monday night, in the discussion of a local fire district . . . The O.V.T. stage line has added a 12-passenger Studebaker to their fleet . . . Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Summerfield are the possessors of a new Star roadster . . . The Ladies Athletic Club has completed the building of an iron fence around the old cemetery containing the victims of the 1872 earthquake . . . E. R. Smith has transferred his entire bottling business from Corona to Lone Pine, and has very thorough and up-to-date equipment for the bottling of soda pops . . . Would-be jokesters will now have to dig up something else to razz. Lone Pine has a new fire house . . . Pete Aigner's 51 Smile: "Deep Sand, Steep Hills, Over the Top—With Filtered Gas" . . . Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pauch, newlyweds, were surprised Monday evening with a carefully planned party by the ladies of the Athletic Club . . . Geoffrey Watterson, manager of the Keeler Theater, announces its closing until September first . . . Dr. M. A. Williamson recently removed his zoup-strainer and is now making his calls minus his mask . . . G. F. Marsh suffers first accident in the 23 years he has hauled mail and

Shades of Horace Greeley!

That's the same head we had on a full page last January. The clipping herewith is also the same one occasioning the sardonic outburst that this represented the ultimate in journalistic achievement.

That the Los Angeles Times continues to be most universal in scope is evidenced by this latest Lydia Lane journalistic gem:

"Dear Miss Lane: My niece, who is 17 years of age, went to that salon you recommended to have her bust developed and I was amazed to see what wonderful results she got.

"What I want to know is will it work on a woman over 40? I am in need of something to tone my muscles and wondered if it would do me any good. Please answer in your column. Gratefully, KATE K."

Hold tight folks, here comes Miss Lane's refreshing response:

"It naturally takes longer to get results in tissues that are torn down, but I advise you to give it a try. I am sure you will enjoy the treatments."

We're a bit puzzled about that term "enjoy." Is it because it tickles?

Flat Chest Found Easy to Improve

BY LYDIA LANE

We just had a darling letter from a young girl who writes that her principal New Year's resolution is to improve her figure by working very hard to get rid of her flat chest.

Well, we told her of a place to go that would give her treatments to develop her bust. She reports that she has gained two extra inches and wishes to get an uplift brassiere.

We are delighted to tell of one which is comfortable and does such a good job of giving one a graceful figure.

If you have a nice development, but could use a comfortable uplift brassiere, then get in touch with us. Or if you are not as full-chested as you would like, then learn about developing machines which are in charge of a trained nurse, and are quite effective but harmless.

For further information concerning either the exercises or the brassiere get in touch with us. Telephone me at MA-2345, Station 358, or write in care of the Los Angeles Times, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope or postal for your reply

Policy Racket

There's the story going the rounds of the colored regiment and the trouble they had getting the boys to take out insurance. Finally the captain appealed to the sergeant. "They should have it if only for the sake of their families. Can't you convince them?"

The sergeant grinned. "That ain't any way to convince 'em, captain. Let me handle it."

A few days later the captain was amazed at the way the boys were lined up to take out insurance. "How'd you do it?" he asked the sergeant. "What did you tell them?"

The sergeant winked. "Well, captain, I just told them that every dead soldier cost Uncle Sam ten thousand dollars, and it was only natural he'd be kinda careful about sticking those boys that had insurance in the front line trenches."—California Plasterer.

passengers from Lone Pine to Keeler . . . Horace Elder has accepted the position as clerk at the Hub, following the resignation of Mrs. Chas. Bagwell.

Wallpaper

Henderson for Congress. Rather a big idea for a little guy . . . The world is three-fourths water and one-fourth land. We ought to be thankful that with the chances three to one against us, we weren't born fish . . . Who said Ham Fish?

. . . You may be air-conditioner minded, but give a thought to your next winter's heating problem while our Duo-Therm stock is yet complete . . . Life's little tragedy: Guest of Top 20 Club, and compelled to depart just as the Pinochling started . . . Jimmy the Red added another experience to his droll life with a Jeep ride. This time he was ahead of his old man for two days until Capt. Archer came to the rescue . . . Indigestion is merely the inability of a round stomach to handle a square meal

. . . Rolling into San Francisco at 6:30 a.m. after an all night's drive from Lone Pine to start the campaign through the big dailies . . . A kink in one's average good humor can be sustained in being charged 20c for a coca-cola at the St. Francis Grill . . . If San Francisco would only keep their streets as clean as the six lane highway across the Bay bridge . . . An evening at the Bal Tabarin with John Hanson, naval architect, and his very sensible and attractive wife . . . Jim Woolley's friend of yore, Eddie Weber, popular song writer, narrating Jewish stories by the dozen . . . Weber exhibited a 46c royalty check on his song of two decades ago, "I Love Me," which had brought him $35,000 at the height of its popularity . . . Lunched with Julius Kahn who asserted he had a distant relationship with Irving and Douglas Joseph . . . Interviewed by Floyd Healy, Chronicle staff-member, who reminisced over the hectic days of 1924 when he was the one newspaper reporter not escorted to the county line by irate ranchers . . . The thrill in watching one's initial launching of ships. Two of them from the ways at Moore Dry Dock . . . E. J. David, assistant city editor of the Sacramento Bee accepted a proffered campaign cigar, smoked at it bravely and then dryly opined: "Rudie, if this is a sample of your campaign cigars you ought to be elected to get you clear out of the district." . . . An Italian dinner at Redding, where Bob struggled manfully with three-foot macaroni and all the fixings. Giving up he shoved his chair back from the table with a sigh: "If the wops have to struggle like that three times a day, no wonder they were a push-over for the Greeks!" . . . E. H. Lowden of Redding listened to the campaign patter with patience and then commented that his brother Spence at Bishop would be a good place for him to find out about the Candidate from Lone Pine . . . Learned in Weaverville that former Lone Pine Forest Ranger W. E. Hotelling was now located at Salyer in Trinity County . . . Encountered Floyd Guffin, former manager of Tom's Place, now resident manager at Hotel Redding . . . The Hugh McLeans, now running the Sonora Democrat-Union asked about their many friends in Lone Pine . . . Over Sonora Pass where Paramount is on location near the summit on "For Whom the Bells Toll"

. . . Rudie II Shangri-Putnamed several nights at Whitney Portal to fulfill an ambition of his young life: To bed with Happy, the canine for a bed-mate . . . With all

the talk about 40 hour weeks we feel for Postmaster Alice Tate and her average 72-hour stint . . . Ridiculous lack of co-ordination for interstate motorists: No passing if yellow line in your lane in Nevada, and passing permitted if yellow line in your lane in California . . . The perfect answer why some transients go to motels was encountered in Minden with a Saturday night dance going full sway in the dining room of the hotel . . . We heard of a fellow the other day who lost his portable garage. He tied his dog to it and a cat came by . . . Wonder if there is any truth to the story of one of Inyo County's game wardens being called to the telephone and asked by a lady: "What are some nice games suitable for a children's party?" . . . One American farmer in three had a telephone in 1930; now only one in four has a phone . . . In the same ten years farm homes with electricity have increased from one in seven to one in three . . . If there is any problem for which Dorothy Thompson has no answer, please name it . . . President Neilson of Smith College recently advised his students: "Young women, if you must smoke, smoke like gentlemen" . . . The energetic hardware salesman, Jack Murphy, has a birthday this month, as also do we. We'd just as soon you would forget that Mussolini's natal day also is in July . . . Some fellows are absent minded and some are tightwads, but the result is the same . . . Incidentally, we're suffering from radio-indigestion . . . Note to R. B. Spainhower: A well-chewed cigar butt is an unlovely thing to look upon . . . In conclusion: The present hour, with all its difficulties, will produce a finer leadership than we have ever known.

Behind the Bandsaw—

"Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down the soap.

—SD—

Our yard wit says his girl friend is so dumb she thinks a pile driver is a surgical instrument.

—SD—

Foreman: "You're late. You should have been here at eight o'clock."

Worker: "Why, what happened?"

—SD—

"And you were late to work because you lost your coat and had to fish it out of the sewer?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you wouldn't wear your coat after it had been in the sewer would you?"

"Well, no, but my lunch was in it."

—SD—

Roses are blue, Violets are pink,
Immediately after, the 13th drink.

—SD—

Corporal (at dance): "Do you see that old buzzard over there? He's the meanest officer I ever saw!"

Girl: "Do you know who I am? I'm that officer's daughter."

Corporal: "Do you know who I am?"

Girl: "No."

Corporal: "Thank God."

—SD—

The new colored parson, calling for the first time on Mandy, was puzzled to hear her call the children "Eenie," "Meenie," "Minie" and "Henry."

"Why do you name him Henry?"

"We do' wan' no Mo."

—SD—

Elderly Diner: "My left leg is paralyzed—I've feared it for years."

Pretty Young Thing: "If it'll relieve your mind any, that's mine you're feeling, not yours."

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes sir," replied the waitress politely.

"Well, well!" replied the customer, "You don't look a day older."

Have you heard this definition of a gentleman: A man who will not strike a lady with his hat on?

—SD—

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Soldier: "I gotta. I only got two days' leave."

FOR CONGRESSMAN
(2nd District)

R. R. HENDERSON

A Successful American Business Man

Vigorous — Energetic — Progressive

100% For — full-out war effort
— more business-sense in Washington
— more economy everywhere

100% Against — political time-serving
— pensions for Congress
— dodging issues